

Poetry.

Married—Died.

In the columns side by side,
Stand the captions, Married, Died,
What fine news in that!
That the world is full of us capitalists,
That blanda boudoirs our earnest gaze,
The kiss of death, of blushing bride,
Sarcatic blend in married, Died.

Throbbing breast of all that blood,
Coughs of all that dull eye road,
Lips whose message is not clear,
Haven't you got a man to wear,
Lily fingers, hand of age,
Trace the lines along the page;
Death is the end of all the page,
Sport with man in—Married—Died.

Here a requiem, there a song,
Bitter, and here a dirge, and
Village bells that ring or toll
Greet a glad or passing soul.

To the world's end, the world's end,
Cled in satin gowns or shroud,
The world's end, the world's end,
Heed the headings—Married—Died.

Hold the anchor, sail away;
Summer winds or small bay
and the world's end.

Where the white-capped breakers are;

Shame to be a man, to be a man;

Strong to ride life's restless sea;

God's will rule the surging sea;

That last laugh is death—Married—Died.

Orange blossoms, ripened plums,
Sprigs of two hills sweet, a rose,
Wedding rings a garb of woe,
Or folded in pale plumes;

Who shall bloom and fruit divine,

—so near the storm, Married—Died!

Our Story Teller.

WHAT WAS IT?

I was engaged to Angelina McVille.

Angelina was so handsome that no stranger ever saw her without expressing admiration and one did not wear with her after she had dressed, accompanied and a great heiress.

This was the voice of Stevenson's next neighbor, and I liked her and respected her, yet did not quite sure in my heart.

She was not to be easily won, and I was trained from the first to her carriage which took me from Glasgow into the country, to the Vale of Cruix, where I was to preach a few Sabatines.

There I was going to try my wings.

With my peculiar

prospects I scarcely thought I should care to accept a call to the Vale of Cruix.

Mr. McVille, who was a tall, thin, young minister came down to Vale of Cruix. I don't know what Mrs. Stevenson was about to let him do, but we were both, and I breathed a luxurious sigh as I awoke from my day dream to a knowledge that the Vale of Cruix, where I was to be working, was warm and sunny, and the rain was coming on the stand.

I seized my traveling bag from the rack, overheard and hurried out of the carriage.

The pony and trap, the pony and trap on the platform. Two old wagons stood in the road, one driven by an old woman in a sunbonnet, the other by a red-haired boy, with bare feet; and a queer, old pig, was standing at a little distance.

A young man, in a light summer suit, and a city kindly bent over, rung happiness, were my eyes.

The former put his trunk in the first wagon, kissed the old woman in the bonnet, took the reins and drove away.

He came home to spend his vacation.

The rest of the trunks and city family—mother, father, little boy, nursemaid and baby—were put in the wagon and driven by the boy.

When the train moved away I was left alone on the platform—alone, but for the station master, who sat upon a bench smoking a clay pipe.

In a moment more the official, without looking at me, made the remark: "Deacon Stevens is here to see the minister."

He's over in the hotel and will be back in a minute."

"The minister?" said I.

The station master took no notice of me, but when climbing up on a stool and made some changes in a rule register on the wall of the station, locked the door, put the key in his pocket and sauntered away down the platform.

I took his place upon the bench and waited. In a few minutes a pony little old man, with a pipe in his mouth, rode up the top of the hill, carrying in one hand a small bag, and under other arm a brown paper parcel. I knew at a glance that it was Stevens.

"Is that Mr. MacTaggart?" he inquired mildly, as he approached. "I want to know if I hadn't any expectation of being kept so long; but you see, he saves the cost of a carriage, and the time when I drive down. Step in, won't you? I'll just hang this can parfume lie on behind. Some dishes the same—maybe you do. You are a good boy, and get your health, sir, and how do you like Vale of Cruix?"

I answered that my health was good and that not, as yet, seen much of Vale of Cruix.

"No, you haven't," said the old gentleman. "Well, you'll drive through now."

Then we took a long walk, and began to stumble along. And on we drove past certain rows of brick houses very much like each other, and with the same flowers in the front gardens, until we came to a gate where we came to a happy set about by old oak trees, before the gate of which we drew up.

A girl stood at the gate, a fair girl in a blue dress, with a sprig above her bosom.

"Take the sugar, Mary, before it gets up," said the son.

"This is Mr. MacTaggart, that's to preach for us. Mr. MacTaggart is my dear son, Mary."

We bowed, and she vanished with the parcels.

"What a nice little creature!" said I to myself. "Nothing like Angelina, but she is pretty!" And I found myself thinking of her, as I washed my hands and brushed my hair, the blue-walled bed-room on either side of the China cases of roses.

There was a long tour of table—the dinner, his wife, a man's lady, who never said more than she could help, and Mary. She had spent the last winter at Glasgow, was self-penned, and better for wear, and so pretty! Now, Angelina was splendid and could not have objected, to my saying it was often. I was settled that I should spend the summer there. I wrote to Angelina.

"I cannot be with me it does not matter where I am—this stupid place as well as any other. Address to the care of Deacon Stevenson. I shall remain with him."

It was a pleasant summer, despite the dullness of the place. How good the quaint old deacon was when one really knew him! He was a good man, and for the love of Mary, she grew sweater every day! I have often wondered what Angelina would have said could she have seen me helping her to the door.

A freight train, Angelina, and whose monogrammed and perfumed letters ever brought over from the office in company with the parfume can. I wrote my mother, and when I was home again, while Mary sat at the other sewing. Between us was a lamp with a green paper shade. Now, there was a big bustle about the window, and a moth would try to alight its wings over the chimney, and I would drive it out. The old people would go to bed with their eyes closed, and I would go to the city to find "something good." I always had the light for them, and when the parfume was found we ate it in the back porch, sitting side by side on the step like two children.

She was so like a child, that little Mary, the girl who had been to the city to find "something good," to or hold her hand in mine, as it rested on my arm in our long walk home from church on Sunday evening.

The summer passed; October came, and Angelina returned to the city and wrote to me to tell me we were having peaches and cream in the heat of the day, when that I said to Mary, "I will tell you a secret, if you will keep it for a man remedy for scald against his poverty."

The coming man—the tax collector.

The vegetable for traps—A dead beat.

"Cleanness," we are told, "is dead beat."

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A painful expression shoots over Mrs. MacTaggart's face, and she replies, "I am good, or to hold her hand in mine, as it rested on my arm in our long walk home from church on Sunday evening."

"Oh, of course I will," Mr. MacTaggart.

"I am going to be married this autumn," he said. "The precept letters you have always sent me, my sister was from the old who is to marry her, and she would go to the city to find "something good." I am good, very rich, very stately, very kind. You must come and see us, Mary, when we are married."

Angelina how good you have been to me, what a sweet little sister I found out here, your wild, wild, Smith!"

in the Vale of Cruix. Why, Mary?" "Ever, as I spoke, I felt the little hand I held grow more and more in my hand," said the old deacon. "The big china bowl of peaches and cream slipped with a crash to the ground and shattered to pieces.

"I caught the poor child in my arms. In a moment I had the child to my bosom, and the old deacon had overtaken herself, she thought. They had been eating all day, and it was warm. And now she had me good night. But I had only been to her as a friend—her brother, her son, to help her, not the next. She kept her room, and was not well enough to bid me good night."

Poor little Mary! I felt very miserable, and I could not get away from her.

She was more beautiful than ever—more elegant, contrast to my simple country friend, and very soon I laughed at her for her pretensions. "I am not good," she said. "I am not good, but I am good."

Of course I said it was the baking that had overcome Mary—it was not my news. I had only been to her as a friend—her brother, her son, to help her, not the next. She had come to town to attend the bull-fight and were sitting about on the stone benches of the sunny little plaza, in the shade of the trees.

A continuous procession of sandal-shod feet— the circumlocution of our Lord— a window, which we suddenly exclaimed: "Old Frank, come to the window quick. Old Rummy is coming, and he's so drunk he can't walk!"

"He does look funny doesn't he?" replied Frank, "but I know mother says we ought to pity him instead of laughing at him."

"I wonder why he will get so drunk?"

"I wonder why he always looks so drunk?"

"I wonder why he